

WILDCAT HUNTING.

The Delights of This Sport Entertainingly Told.

Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. One in Mendocino county, Cal., was enjoying a few days' quiet shooting at a farmhouse where was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a bull terrier, and the combination of these qualities made this dog peculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter instinct prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the careful bull terrier quality would tend to come out in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned home.

I sleep well now and miss that seal brown taste in the mouth which I formerly noticed on getting up. Life seems to wear a more positive hue, and I say frankly to Mr. Kane that he is my benefactor. The common elastic band used at stationery stores is all the outfit required each night, and it will make a common tortoise shell cat hang his tongue out so far that any physician can readily ascertain what is the matter with him.

The "scare cat" has a wonderful career ahead of it, and I have no doubt that in the near future it will be so far perfected that by putting a nickel in one corner it will catch a centime cat, pull his tongue out nine inches, play a tune and bury the cat.—New York World.

The Prodigal Son.
Prodigal Son—Father, I have spent my substance and have arisen and returned to thee.
Practical Father—What did you spend all that money on?
Prodigal Son—Photography.
Practical Father—Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idiot asylum. My son will dine there to-morrow.—Omaha World.

The Case's Revenge.
One evening I was returning from a hunt with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that not a quail had remained in the country. Suddenly he plunged forward; there was a quick rush and a scramble, and I beheld a huge wildcat poised on the limb of a small tree just out of the dog's reach. Emotion swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzied roared the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted most of the shot from one barrel and sprinkled the cat in the region of the jumpers. He came out of the tree and came suddenly, and next minute there was a whirlwind of fur and agony under that tree, and mingled sounds informed me that both the cat and the dog had ascertained that something was wrong. There was a clashing and snapping, revolving and rough and tumble excitement which lasted about a minute, and then a peaceful hush succeeded, during which the cat sprang away from the dog and dashed and dashed and dashed what was left of the dog lying serenely at peace with the trivial remains of the cat, and both so mixed as to be inseparable.

The trouble with that dog was that his pedigree was contradictory. His setter instinct prompted him to let the cat and the dog and his bull terrier instinct prompted him to hold on, lie down and chew, and before he could make up his mind whether he ought to obey his father or his mother he died.

There is nothing so necessary to a sportsman as a thoroughbred, well broken dog. Always purchase a pedigree with the dog. A full blooded dog with a reliable pedigree costs about \$150, which allows \$140 for the pedigree and fifty cents for the dog.

Plantation Philosophy.
It's natchul dat de higher we gets in dis life de more de trouble we has. De taller de tree groves de more de its shuck by de win.
De bigger an' healthier chile might often don't grow up fer enough ter nothin'. De bigger an' more prominent sometimes runs ter straw.
I has knowed many er thief dat could discount er bones' man in puttin' up er straight tale. I ain't never yet seed er lady dat could cry any mo' pitiful den er pader ter.

A Foreigner's Mistake.
Distinguished Foreigner—Yes, I have traveled a great deal in this country and I cannot help wondering why your government does not catch these train robbers and lock them up.
American—Have you met train robbers?
Fleety of them; they're everywhere, it seems to me, but I must say they're very polite for highwaymen.
"Polite?"
"Very; and I notice, too, that they are all colored men."
"Oh, those are not train robbers; those are porters."—Omaha World.

A Cook's Blunder.
Omaha Dame—Jane, our guest, Mr. De Hunter, complains that you chopped up his decoy ducks for kindling.
New Cook—It wasn't for kindling, mum. I thought they was a pair of chickens and your husband sent home, an' I was tryin' to cut them, mum.
"Of all things! Where was it you said you worked before you came here?"
"At Mrs. De Style's boarding house, mum."
—Omaha World.

Refreshing Her Memory.
"I am so glad you came in, Mr. Walush," said Miss Breezy, brightly, "mamma and I were trying to recall a certain poet's name. Perhaps you can kindly come to our assistance. His first name is Walter."
"Scott?" suggested Mr. Walush.
"No, not Scott; it begins with 'W.'"
"Whitman, possibly, Walter Whitman?"
"Oh, yes, that is it, Walter Whitman. Thanks, awfully."—The Epoch.

THE "SCARE CAT" DEVICE.
A New Invention That Must Meet with General Approval.
Mr. Bert Kane, of Brooklyn, E. D., president of the Scare Cat club, has the thanks of the city for a copy of his new invention called the "Scare Cat." Thinking that a little sketch descriptive of the device would not be devoid of interest to the public I have, in company with the author, examined and criticized it and must heartily endorse it.

gation of silver throated songsters of Staten Island, who have been in the habit of coming underneath our easement at eventide and singing, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," that it is a good thing. Nine baritone cats with purple faces and bulging eyes tried to catch the 12 o'clock boat for New York, and died before they could get their tickets chopped.

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BILL NVE TAKES A HAND.

He Wrestles with the Shakespeare-Bacon Problem.

RESTING that it will not in any way impair the sale of Mr. Donnelly's book, I desire to offer here a few words in favor of the theory that William Shakespeare wrote his own works and thought his own thoughts. The time has fully arrived when we humorists ought to stand by each other.

William Shakespeare knew all the time that he was a great man and that some day he would write pieces to speak. He left Stratford at the age of 21 and went to London, where he attracted such little attention, for he belonged to the young man, being, of kind dramatic Horace Greeley, both in the matter of clothes and penmanship. Thus it would seem that while Sir Francis Bacon was attending a business college and getting himself familiar with the whole world's movement, so as to be able to write a free, effusive hand, poor W. Shakespeare was slowly thinking the hair off his head, while ever and anon he would bring out his writing materials and his bright, ready tongue and write a sonnet on an empty stomach.

Shakespeare did not want his plays published. He wanted to keep them out of the press in order to prevent their use at spelling schools in the hands of unskilled artists, and so there was a long period of time during which the papers could not get hold of them for publication.

During this time Francis Bacon was in public life. He and Shakespeare had nothing in common. Both were great men, but Bacon's sphere was different from Shakespeare's. While Bacon was in the senate, living high and counting investigation, Shakespeare had to stuff three large pillows into his pantaloons and play Falstaff at one night stands.

It is likely that Bacon, breathing the perfume air of the Capitol and chucking the treasury girls under the chin ever and anon, hungered for the false joys of the underpaid and undersold dramatist? Scarcely! That is one reason why I prefer to take the side of Shakespeare rather than the side of Bacon.

I know that Shakespeare has been severely criticized by the press for leaving his family at Stratford while he himself lived in London, and that his wife and children were in a state of poverty. But I am convinced that he found they could live cheaper in that way. Help in the house was very high at that time in London, and the intelligence offices were doing a very large business without giving very much intelligence. Friends of his told him that it was not only impossible to get enough help in London, but that there was hardly enough servants to prevent a panic in the employment bureau. Several offices were in fact compelled to shut down for a half day, while the friends of such limited stock in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon.

SHAKESPEARE BEATERS LONDON.
Shakespeare was a perfect gentleman, having been made so by the Herald's college, which invested his father with court armor. This coat armor made a gentleman of the older Shakespeare, and as William's mother was already a gentleman under the code, William became one also both on his father's and on his mother's side. Of course all this is mere detail and is dull and uninteresting, but I refer to it to show that those who have read things in Shakespeare's works that they did not like, and who therefore say that he was no gentleman, do the great hard injustice.

I do not say that Shakespeare was the author of his own works, and it would not look well to set up my opinion in opposition to that of scholars, experts and savants who have had more advantages than I have, for I would never take advantage of any one; but I say that somewhere the impression has crept into the papers that he was a pretty good little fellow, and I am glad that Mr. Childs has had a testimonial made and sent over to England that will show an appreciation, at least, of his ability to keep before the people.

It will be noticed by an alert and keen student of literature that I have carefully avoided treading on the tail of Mr. Donnelly's cipher. Being rather a poor mathematician anyway, I will not introduce the spider at this time, but I will say that although the whole thing happened about three hundred years ago, and has now nearly passed out of my mind, to the best of my recollection Shakespeare, though he was the son of a butcher, and though he married his wife with a poetic license, and though he left his family at Stratford rather than take them to live in London fat, wrote the most of his plays with the assistance of an expurgator who was out of the city most all of the time.

I cannot show Shakespeare's ready wit better at this time than by telling of his first appearance on the stage as I remember it. He came quietly before the footlights with a roll of carpet under one arm and a tusk hammer under the other. In those days it was customary to move down stage and while doing so "Shake," as we all called him then, knocked the nail off his left thumb, whereupon he received an ovation from the audience. Some men would have been rattled and would have "called up," as we say, but Shakespeare was always ready to please his friends or respond to an encore, so putting his right thumb up against a large painted rock in a mountain scene, he obliged by knocking off the other thumb nail.

Shakespeare was one of the few Englishmen who never visited this country for two weeks for the purpose of writing an eight pound book on his impressions of America.—Bill Nye in New York World.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.
"Will Moss Jumbo Comeback please stop this way?" asked the president, as the meeting opened.
Brother Comeback, who has been a very quiet but deeply interested member of the club for the past few years, advanced to the desk, and Brother Gardner continued:
"Moss, I am dat you am on de pint of removin' to Illinois."
"Yes, sah."
"You will take your certificate 'long wid you, an' you will keep your membership wid us is just de same; an' any time you kin raise money 'nuff to take a freight train an' cum up an' see us you kin find a most welcome place."
"Yes, sah—Ize much obliged, sah," replied Moss, as he wiped a tear from his eye.
"An' now I want to say a few further words to you," resumed the president, after a solemn pause. "You am gwine to lose an' sail in de company of strangers, an' dat am a few things you would do well to remember. Remember, dat a lawyer will work harder to 'clar a murderer dan he will to convict a thief."
"Remember, dat a nuybor who offers you de loan of his hoe am fishin' 'round to secure de loan of your wheelbarrow."
"Remember, dat you can't judge de home happiness of a man an' wife by sociatin' at a Sunday skule picnic."
"Remember, dat whine de average man will return de kreet change in a business transackshun, he'll water his milk an' mix beans wid his coffee."
"Remember, dat all de negatives of de best photographees am retouched, an' de wrinkles

an' freckles worked out.
"Remember, dat society am made up of good clothes, hungry stomachs, deception, heartache and mixed grammar."
"Remember, dat people will never stop to question de trait of any nuybor or any scandal affectin' your character, but it takes years to satisfy 'em dat your great grandfadder wasn't a pirate an' your great grandmudder de land-in-gal in a fifteen cent ballet. You can now set down an' 'clar 'yer eyes' 'n' reflect an' think, an' de rest of us will purposed to carry out de usual programme of de meetin'."
"In dispartin' to your various homes," said the president as the triangle sounded its notes of warning, "remember dat civility and de grease which keeps de wheels of society from stickin' fast to de axletrees. An obligin' disposition may keep your washub an' flannels floatin' aroun' de neighborhood 'leven months in de year, but de same reason will bring in chickens brot an' kind words in one way have a run of billions free. Somebody wake up Elder Toots an' let us go keenerly down stairs."—Detroit Free Press.

Unprejudiced Gen. Houston.
When Gen. Sam Houston was governor of Texas he was very active and persistent in causing the prosecution of a defaulting officer—so much so indeed that the friends of the accused raised the cry of persecution. The governor, speaking of this to a company of gentlemen, showed the idea that he was prejudiced against the defaulter, declared that he had no other motive than the enforcement of the laws, and said that he should probably have the opportunity of convincing the public that he had no feeling of personal animosity against the man. "The evidence against him will be so overwhelming that any grand jury will find a true bill of indictment," said the general, "and no petit jury in the world can fail to convict the criminal on such evidence. Then, when found guilty and sentenced, he will change his tune, and he and his sympathizing friends for him will appeal to me for executive clemency. No, I will be true to my duty. I have no prejudice against him, and I am glad that he will allow such an unmitigated scoundrel to contaminate the penitentiary of Texas."—Harper's Magazine.

History is la Ignatius Donnelly.
Will Shakespeare—Please, sir, the manager bid the clothe chesters vacate his new play.
Lord Bacon—How soon?
"At once, sir, to-night."
"To-night? Great St. George! how does he expect me to finish my Organum, write my poetic speech, get ready for that trial and write him a play all in one day?"
"I'll not know, sir, but he wants the title right away so he can put it on the bills."
"Well, I'll do it. Let me—see. Tell him the title will be 'Hamlet.'"—Omaha World.

Understand His Business.
Omaha Traveling Man (in Chicago)—I understand a good many Chicago families employ \$5,000 a year cooks.
Hotel Clerk—Yes, that's so.
"Can you tell me I can get the addresses of such families?"
"Go to the Higlyfay Caterer's emporium. Do you wish to engage a cook?"
"Oh, no; I am agent for Killercure's dyspepsia medicine."—Omaha World.

For Her Dear Sake.
"Willie," said a young wife, "are you going to take part in this tennis tournament?"
"Yes, I thought of it."
"Please don't, Willie, for my sake."
"Why?"
"Because you might win and it would surely get into the papers."—Washington Critic.

Important Business.
Citizen (to member of board of trade)—Any business of importance accomplished at the meeting last night?
Member—Yes.
Citizen—What was it?
Member—We perfected arrangements for the annual dinner of the board.—The Epoch.

Very Much Worn.
Gentleman (in clothing store)—I find that I have got to go to Montreal to-night, and I want a suit of clothes.
Clerk—Yes, sir. You want a cutaway coat, I suppose.—New York Sun.

Opposed to Corporal Punishment.
"If your dolly has been naughty, why don't you whip her?"
"Oh, I don't believe in that sort of thing!"
—Exchange.

HE WORE A BUSTLE.
He Wore It as a Shoulder Protection While Carrying Coal.
Some Norwich boys found a woman's bustle last week, and, being inspired by some lower power, put it in a coal carrier's basket in place of the canvas shoulder pad he had been accustomed to use. When the coal carrier went out the next morning with his first load of coal his eye fell upon the strange thing for which he had no name.

"That is this, Mother," he said to the driver; and although both of them were family men they were sorely puzzled. Mike replied: "Sure, I dunno. I never seed the likes of it before!"
Not finding his shoulder protector, the coal carrier saw in it a novel substitute for it, and he said:
"Begorra, Mother, I have it! This is a patent shoulder piece the boss has got me, and he put the old bustle on his shoulder, and finding that it was a fair fit, tied the string around his neck. He worked with the new shoulder protector all day to the amusement of all who noticed the bustle in such high use. Pat noticed that the new protector made him a source of considerable curiosity, but he did not learn the truth until he showed it to the boss in the evening, when, thanking him for the gift, he said:
"The inventor of this meant well, but he never carried coal. These wire cords are that carrier that they cut like a knife, but, begorra, the thort is a good one, and I can make one out of it that'll work!"
His employer informed him that he had been subjected to a practical joke; that his shoulder protector was a bustle that had seen its day and been laid away.

Mike, the driver, smiled, and said: "Twenty years or coal have been onto it. I'll bet a better man niver wore one than Pat Donegan."—Norwich Bulletin.

A BIG CITY.
Omaha Child (on eastern railway train)—Oh, mamma, there's a policeman walking through a corn field.
Mamma (without looking out)—Is he chasing any one?
"No; he's walking along just as they do in the street."
"Dear me! Get your things on. We are within the city limits of Philadelphia."—Omaha World.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The once flourishing town of Solitaire, in Arizona, is now entirely deserted. The man who named the town built better than he knew.—Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Patti has decided to learn to play the banjo, and if at any time within the next two months a man with disheveled hair, a wild, haunted look in his dark eyes, buttons missing from his pants and socks that wear a neglected appearance, is found wandering aimlessly around solitary places in Europe, his name will probably be Nisidani.—St. Paul Globe.

A bright newspaper woman in New York gained admission as a lunatic to an insane asylum and remained there a couple of weeks taking notes, which she worked up into a graphic newspaper article. It is suspected that she deceived the physician in charge by wearing a fashionable bustle as large as a flour barrel and having her hair banged within half an inch of her eyebrows.—Norristown Herald.

Natural gas is a great boon to the people of Pittsburgh, but the people there make light of it.—Norristown Herald.

"I was in hopes, professor," said a hospital ward surgeon, "that I would be given that leg operation in the poor ward." "No, I assigned it to Young Sawbones, but I'll give you a whack at the autopsy."—The Epoch.

It costs something to die respectably in Omaha. On the case including the body of a man sent from there to Akron, O., for burial, was the following itemized bill, to be "collected on delivery or contents returned." Undertaker's bill, \$60; hospital expenses, \$20; physician's fee, \$10; livery, \$6. The bill was paid, but the rest of the family will get back to Akron in time to die there.—Exchange.

Hubbard (suffering from influenza)—Do you know why it is, by dear, that colds always add age to the head? Wife thoughtfully—Why, I believe, John, physicians hold that colds always attack the weakest spot.—The Epoch.

But One Billy Birch.
Mr. William Birch, the old time minstrel, has just recovered from a severe illness. Yesterday morning, he met a friend who owns a fast trotter, and who offered the use of it to Birch, saying that the exercise of a ride would do him good. Birch accepted the offer, and in the afternoon ordered the horse hitched to a light road wagon. He drove slowly down Lexington avenue, the horse pranced about in a lively manner, and at times evinced a disposition to use both sides of the street.

In vain did Birch soothingly say: "Soh, Beezy," and "Gee law, thee." At last the train came hissing through the tunnel, and the horse took the bit in his mouth and bolted. Here he was Birch concluded that he was no Jehu, for he wrapped the lines about the whip and deliberately climbed over the back of the seat. He did not stop at this, and soon his short legs were dangling over the tailboard of the wagon. He dropped off, rolled over in the mud several times, got up, pulled down his vest and remarked to a policeman:

"I made a hit that time, eh?" The officers then took him to task for not holding on to his horse, but Birch shook his head and said reflectively: "There's lots of horses and bugles in this world, most noble guardian of the law, but I'll give you a square bet that there is but one Billy Birch."—New York Evening Sun.

A Midnight Reverie.
I sit before the open grate,
And, as I watch the dying fire
(The evening, and the hour is late),
Old memories sad thoughts inspire.
Alone and lonely there I sit,
Watching a dying, glowing ember,
And trying, as the little flames lit
And dance about, not to remember
The thing that troubles all my dreams,
And so torments me, sleeping, waking,
Until at times it almost seems
As if my weary heart were breaking.

The fire dies out. The sudden chill
But makes my melancholy deeper.
I go to rest, brooding still,
And wishing coal could were cheaper.
—Lowell Citizen.

Dr. Albert's next visit to Springfield, Thursday, November 17, at the Lagonda House.

THE ALBERT MEDICAL INSTITUTE

Superior Street, next to Postoffice, Cleveland O.
Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Diseases
Successfully treated upon
The Latest Scientific Principles.

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has attained the most wonderful success in the treatment of the cases to which he devotes his special attention, and through years of patient labor and search he has discovered the most infallible method of curing general weakness, involuntary discharges, impotency, nervousness, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, diseases of the throat, nose and sinuses, affections of the liver, stomach and bowels—these terrible disorders that make life a miserable existence and rendering marriage impossible.

Marriage.
Married persons or young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness or any other disqualifications speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of DR. ALBERT may confide in his honor as a gentleman, and he can safely rely upon his skill as a physician.

Organal Weakness
Immediately cured and full vigor restored: This distressing affliction which renders life a burden and marriage impossible is speedily and permanently cured by the use of the medicine. Consult DR. ALBERT at once and you will find the sympathy and relief that you so positively require.

Nervous Debility.
Sufferers from this distressing disorder, the symptoms of which are a dull and unsettled mind, which wastes them for the performance of their business and social duties. Makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causes flashes of heat, evil forebodings, nervousness, short breathing, turning easily of company with a preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as on retiring, while deposit in urine, nervousness, trembling, watery and weak eyes, dropsy of the feet, etc., should consult DR. ALBERT immediately and be restored to health.

A CURE WARRANTED.
Persons Ruined as Health by Unlearned Pretenders who keep Trifling with them Month after Month, giving Poisonous and Injurious Compounds, should Apply Immediately.
Remarkable Cures effected in all cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred.
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